Marine Barracks,
Navy Yard, B'klyn, N.Y.
June 13th, 1917.

My darling Frances:-

I am sorry to tell you that I cannot locate your letter, so far. I've gone to the mail clerk & he seems to have misplaced it, the same with the one my mother sent.

I just got back from a hike to Prospect Park. Believe me, toots, I'm dead tired.

Last night when I got home, I saw the landlord & he gave me a few deeds mortgages & bonds to look over & he said that ~~out~~ when something comes along, he's going to put me wise. I hope I

make some money.

No more, darling, so will close with all my love to my own ——!

Lovingly

Joy.